

— CoEVOLUTION —

An Interplanetary Adventure

In 1989, Alec Newald's lifepath took an unexpected turn when he was abducted by a group of benevolent aliens for ten days and transported to their homeworld.

His amazing experiences have great significance for the future of humanity and our galactic cousins.

by Alec Newald ©1996-97

Extracted from Chapters 4, 5, 6
of his book

— *CoEvolution* —

Published by NEXUS Publications
Mapleton, Qld, Australia, 1997

Alec Newald first contacted us in 1995 about publishing his book, *CoEvolution*, describing his incredible ten-day round trip to his abductors' homeworld, *Haven*, and the Earth-based controversy it created. We found Alec's story particularly fascinating; and, having met him and had him speak at the 1996 NEXUS Conference, we have no reason to doubt his integrity. Here we publish some intriguing excerpts from his soon-to-be-released book. Ed.

THE EARTH SEEN IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT

I must have gone to sleep almost immediately.

When I opened my eyes again, Zeena was sitting opposite my cubicle.

"Verva," she said. "Did you sleep well?"

"Like a rock," I replied.

"Curious expression," was her reply.

"How long has it been?" I added, enquiring as to the length of my sleep.

"One half of an Earth day—twelve hours," she answered.

"What's 'verva'?" I asked.

"Oh, 'good spirit, fresh energy to you'. It is a greeting we use a lot, like your 'hello'," she explained.

"What's on the schedule?" I enquired.

"Some more liquid replacement for you," was her reply. "Come on. We have only two more of your Earth days and there is much to learn if you desire, and quite a few questions I have for you, too, before I return home."

Zeena appeared most anxious, but how could she be more inquisitive than I? Even though, I was still reeling from awakening to find myself 'dream-bound' and not back on Earth as I had expected.

"Her home! Now there's something I'd like to know about," I thought to myself but realised almost immediately that Zeena would read it.

"About the size of the planet Mars in your system," she replied, right on cue. "But it is not in the best of health, for our sun is slowly dying and we are being roasted with radiation. We are also losing our atmosphere. We can patch that up to a degree, but not for ever."

"Doesn't sound good. What are you guys doing about it?" I asked.

"Well, we have been looking for a new home for many of your years. The best bet is still Earth, but we cannot take your gravity, among other things. That has always been the major factor but it is also not of the right conformation for us yet. It used to be, but we are not quite like we used to be."

Zeena hesitated, as if pondering whether to go on with this topic. She chose not to continue.

"There is every chance that the Earth is about to change in the not-too-distant future," was her revised answer.

"Change its conformation?" I enquired, startled.

"It shall mutate to a different density level, as you would understand it. It's no big deal. It's happening all over, all the time," she replied.

I think she might now have been trying to downplay it all after she noted how panicked I must have appeared.

"It'll what?" I queried, looking at her in amazement.

"Well, that is another of those long stories I promised to tell you about. It is best we get comfortable first and you get some fluid intake."

ANCIENT HISTORY LESSONS FROM THE FUTURE

"Now, how shall I start?" Zeena asked. "Perhaps with the Elders."

"Elders?" I chipped in.

"Like the Guardian you have met. They are each many hundreds of Earth years old and have a very ancient lineage. Their ancestors, who are my ancestors, are also very distant ancestors of yours; at least in part they are. Now do not interrupt!"

Zeena headed me off at the pass, even before I could get the thought out of my head.

"This is going to be difficult enough to explain without interruption. I will make room for questions a little later," she added. "These distant common ancestors of ours came to Earth many times, but more important to you was the visit of two million years ago, your time-scale. They were not the first [aliens] to visit. In fact, they and others have lived in and explored what you call your solar system for *hundreds of millions of years*."

"These travellers tidied up some earlier attempts to manufacture a race of humanoids on Earth, the end result being *Homo sapiens*. I will not go so far as to say these ancient ancestors of mine were solely responsible for your race, for that was indeed a joint effort of many ETs, all of which at some time have laid claim to manufacturing your race. This is not a deliberate lie on their behalf—just a slight exaggeration of the facts. Do not interrupt yet, please. I shall explain all in due course."

"In many ways you have manufactured or at least fine-tuned your own race, and it continues even at this very moment. This is mistakenly called 'evolution'. 'Natural progression of the species' is a fine turn of phrase uttered by one of your kind's more enquiring minds some years ago. It was thought by many to explain the path of evolution, and there is an end to it. But this thinking leaves more questions unanswered than answered, for how and when did a butterfly obtain its wings? I shall not pursue this subject for there are more important things to discuss, but no doubt you see my point. Perhaps there will be a time at a later date."

"I will, however, tell you more of your own race's personal history, for it is important that you should know your own past, and that evolution as you understand it is a myth. The changes are never slow but they are always planned. Later I shall show you that nothing in this Universe—past, present or future in your time-scale—is left to chance. Forgive me, for I diverge from our chosen path."

"Some of my ancient Elders stayed with your developing race. Others moved on. From time to time there were conflicts with other ET races as to what was best for one or the other, just as there are conflicts on your planet now, among your own kind. You must understand that Earth is a very special place. It is very beautiful and there are many who have desired to own it. I would not go so far as to say this is no longer the case, but you should always have your wits about you! Even we, although we do not wish to own it, would like to live there. But we cannot—indeed, we must not—interfere with the processes that are happening on your planet right now. That is not to say there are no other ET races that will not interfere, and that is why you must have your wits about you."

"Some of those processes which are occurring, or are about to

occur, are the direct result of that seeding by our ancient Elders. Even the pyramids are ancient legacies left behind by our Elders to help you awaken when the time is right. They are very important to you, and it is from this front that progress of a most unexpected kind will manifest itself to your race in the not-too-distant future."

"All knowledge will be made available to your race in good time and in accordance with the laws of evolution. There has yet to be a force artificially manufactured in any universe that my people know of that is more powerful or wiser than this natural law. Trust me when I say this, for my race knows well the cost of interfering with the laws of evolution. We would warn your own people, if only those in control would listen. Alas, that approach appears to have fallen on deaf ears, so we shall now attempt to pass on the message in a different way."

"There was indeed a time upon your planet, not so long ago in the context of this history lesson, when a 'force' came down upon it and did in fact claim it [the Earth] and all upon it as its own. That force—and I know you will find this difficult to accept, Alec [Zeena used my name for the first time]—that force is still among you. It is indeed now a part of all of you, so I suppose you could say it still does own the planet in some way."

"After this force won your planet, it realised it would have a continuous fight on its hands, for you were not as you are now. You were well on your way to enlightenment, with a very strong

spiritual base. You were actually almost as strong as this force itself. It had to trick you in order to master you, and while you were down it altered your make-up, your very structure; your DNA, in fact. It crippled you and stunted you, and set you back many thousands of years. It made you into what you are today, which is only a portion of the greatness you can be, for you have not yet even fully recovered. And if that force has its way, you never will!

"That force is known to most as the 'force of darkness', for it is indeed the enemy of enlightenment. You will please understand that this is a very simplistic description of a most complex entity. Even *we* do not understand it in its entirety. It is in the air that you breathe and everywhere about you. It has aligned itself to the planet and you. It beats to the pulse of your very planet, for you and the Earth are one and the same. This is one thing your peoples do not seem to comprehend, but you can use this union of the whole to do wondrous things, just as we have."

"Unfortunately, most of your kind fight the natural forces of your wondrous planet. By this I mean you bend them, even break them, to fit your needs. It need not be this way. If your people will just open their minds and hearts to your planet, as many of your ancient races have done in the past, it will show you the way. All is not lost; it just needs to be recalled. Until this is done, we have much need for concern. It is not just Earth planet you are violating as you bend and break Nature in your whims of fancy, for all of all is connected. This is really very basic knowledge. It has been ignored because it suits those who would play with power to ignore it. We and others are indeed benevolent to your race, as we all are connected, but soon something must be done before your play does meaningful harm to us all!"

"We find that there is a need to teach you more about the dark

"Some of my ancient Elders stayed with your developing race. Others moved on. From time to time there were conflicts with other ET races as to what was best for one or the other, just as there are conflicts on your planet now, among your own kind."

forces that permeate you. You would do well by your people if you take great heed of this lesson and pass on your findings to those of your kind who would listen. The dark force vibrates at a level that is compatible with your brainwave patterns. This much you should already know, but others of your kind have kept it from you.

"In spite of this, some, like you, Alec, are building a resistance to this alien intruder. This is one of the reasons why you find yourself thinking differently from the majority around you. It has enabled you to see more clearly the error of your ways and what must be done. You shall continue along this path a while longer yet, and even doubt your own kind from time to time. Be patient. This is all I can suggest, as inadequate as it may sound. We have been working on these things with you for many a year now. All of your people will find their way with the passing of time.

"As you find with all afflictions, they are easier to contend with if you understand them. I am doing my best to explain all this to you in terms you will understand. Please interject from here on if you do not understand some point, for we do consider the following to be most important.

"Some on your planet have aligned themselves with this 'force'. Note I have said 'aligned' and not 'allied', for there is a difference. Do you understand this? [I nodded.] They have gained much power from the force, and some are even foolish enough to think they have it under control. This is naïve, of course, as the force or alien entity is feeding off these people or, rather, feeding off the conflicts these people create in their bid for wealth and power. As long as this suits the dark force, it shall continue; for the 'fear' emotion is what it lives off.

"The easiest way to defeat this force is to remove fear from your societies. This will, in effect, starve it out. It will then go elsewhere, looking for easier prey. You see, your human race is one of the very few that lives with this most unusual thing called 'emotion', which is why the force came here in the first place. We, too, had emotions once, so I am told, and some are saying we can now experience them again, thanks to the new breeding program we are experimenting with. Forgive me, I digress again.

"You will find some of your kind are trying very hard to harness this most dangerous force. Unfortunately, they do not fully understand that it is an entity in its own right and that this is a very dangerous mistake to be making. They think they are playing a game and that they are winning this game. We have tried to warn your people more than once in the past, but no heed has been taken. As your people say, 'it is *your* life'.

"The worry we have is that your planet breathes with you, in harmony even with your thoughts. To attack the people by using the force in this way is to attack the planet. Be it on your own heads if you invoke the wrath of your planet. There would be little or nothing we could do for your people should that happen. Perhaps you can help us with this message. We have an idea to put to you, but that shall keep until another time, for there is still

much to be related on other subjects.

"Your societies, right from the very beginning, have engineered fear into your lives. Most of it is an artificial fear of society itself; in other words, you fear your very own laws. Your high priests from long ago shouted down to the common masses, describing what wraths would be set upon them if they did so much as *dare* to cross the all-mighty gods of their time. Forgive me if I make what you call a 'joke' of this, for these all-mighty gods they describe were people like me or the Guardian, whom you have met. Do *you* fear me, Alec, from where you stand?" Zeena asked.

"I feel no fear," was my answer.

"So you see how your masses were manipulated in our absence by those who would gain from it?" she asked again.

"I can see how a lie could fool the uneducated," was my reply.

"And you think your people are better educated on this subject today?" she asked once more.

"If you ask what we know of God, then perhaps not," I replied.

"Exactly my point," Zeena stated.

"And so the intimidation goes on, only you have a hundredfold the number of laws today. These are not the laws of Nature, however; just of your manipulators who in turn have been manipulated by the force.

"The laws of Nature you break every day as you drive to work in your disgusting machines. It is even more curious to us that you all know these things but you continue to allow them just the same. Why is there not a law against it in your society? Does pollution

not kill? Are your people so blind they could not see what would happen with the proliferation of these strange machines? You need not answer, for we know the reasons. This is just, as you might say, an example.

"You will perhaps tolerate our confusion, though, when we fail to understand what we have observed in your so-called Western societies in which thousands of your money are spent to save but one life, while millions of your kind die in other far areas for the sake of small amounts of this money. Are you not all one people of the same flesh and blood? For this question, we ourselves do not have such an answer. Could you perhaps help us in the reasoning of this?" Zeena asked, looking at me in a most perplexed way.

"My own people sometimes embarrass and confuse me. No, I have no answer to that question," I replied.

"Very well. Why do your people take such time and interest in a single tree, should it be cut down in your cities, while they allow large areas of many-years-old trees to be removed from the forests which are out of their sight? Please take this question home with you to put to others, for we also find this most confusing."

I have since duly completed that request.

Zeena did have some encouraging news. She suggested that the force would soon feel the weight of an invasion from above, and there would be battles fought at sea and underwater, and also in the skies high above. Most would know little about these events, except those caught within the by-product of the battles. By this



"Zeena"

she meant that the Earth would experience storms of gathering intensity, and where these storms would once have been confined to the vortex points of our globe (the western Atlantic-Bermuda area and the western Pacific, south-east of Japan) they would now appear randomly all over our planet. She did not say who or what might be behind these battles or be the cause of them. However, when the way is clear and some portion of the fear has been removed, *we may indeed see other races of the Cosmos openly visiting and interacting with us here on Earth!*

"In the due course of time you will awaken from this 'sleep' that the force has had you in, with a little help from your friends," she added. "Being a sailor," she said, suggesting I watched the weather, "you will know what to look for. Trust in your instincts."

This is all she was prepared to say on the subject.

"Your race is nearly strong enough to fight back and win its rightful place in this galaxy of ours. We will help you and your planet to do great things again, for we love all life. Even the dark force is a form of life and we must and do respect it. Do you understand, Alec? This is very important."

Zeena at last let me have a say.

"Yes, I do. But how do we fight this force if we cannot see it or know where it is?" I asked.

"It is within your very soul. You fight it with knowledge and understanding. But only each and every one of your kind can help yourselves. Nevertheless, to know that it exists is half the battle, and you can pass on this knowledge to all who should care

to listen. Your race is about to change, become more aware—well, most of you are. It is an unfortunate fact that the ones upon your planet who truly understand what a great hold this force known to you as fear has over your people, are the very ones who are using it against you—and always have. They only understand its power, not its reason for being. That is why we have chosen this time to explain to you, and others of your kind, what *we* are here for. We have come to help enlighten you and, in so doing, perhaps free you from this force. We also understand that there will be some among you who will resent this knowledge being made available and will do their best to belittle and downplay its importance to your race.

"We may also need things from you and your planet. Call it a trade if you like, but I would prefer to use the word 'coevolution'. We both can grow. We both need to change. You will become more like us, while we need to become more like you. We can truly become great friends once you learn to break free. We have been waiting a long time for this to happen, and you, Alec, are part of this very special event that will happen, as are many others. You will find them and they will find you. Just let it be known that you are a child of the light, whenever you feel the time is right. You will be amazed at what will happen from then on."

As Zeena finished this part of the lesson, I really did not know what to say. How could I reply to what she'd just said? Her narration had brought up more questions than answers, and quite

frankly I did not know where to begin. Even though most of what she'd just said was totally amazing, it was as if I had always known it was so! For that reason you may think my next question out of place.

"The thing that worries me the most," I replied, "was your earlier comment before this lesson began about the Earth 'mutating' into something. Where will that leave us, the people?"

"You have no fears there. It will be you, the people, who help the Earth to transform. You will already have passed over to the next level of density, or be in the act of doing so, which in actual fact is evolution—true evolution, as it just so happens; not the form of change that you may have associated with that word in the past. I am sorry, here, because there has not yet been time to

ground you in that knowledge. The Earth, too, will evolve along these same lines, and that is what I meant by 'mutate'. I am sorry for the use of that word if it has caused you concern," Zeena quickly replied.

"I have more questions," I said, looking at Zeena and hoping I could continue to ask them. Her indication was that I could.

"What happened to those early ancestors—the ones who stayed on Earth, the ones who helped us in the past?"

"Some of them eventually interbred with your kind, although there was resistance to this initially. The offspring of these unions became our common ancestors. All who were pure of our blood eventually died of an unknown illness or left the planet. Their lifespan should have been many hundreds, perhaps even thousands of your years. Some say they simply died of premature ageing. There are many possible reasons why this may have occurred, but it is not necessary for us to discuss that now. The few who escaped this fate and left Earth are now lost to us; where they may have gone, my people do not know, for that was indeed a long time ago. But while we are on the subject of interbreeding, there are a few questions I would ask of you, if I may," Zeena requested.

I nodded my approval, knowing I would get more chances to ask the hundred-and-one questions I was waiting to ask. Her first question took me a little by surprise.

"Have you bred on your home planet?"

"That's an interesting question," was my startled reply. "By 'breed', I suppose you mean have I any children of my own?"

I couldn't believe she didn't already know the answer to this question. Perhaps she was just being polite.

"Yes," she said.

"Well, I have a son who is fourteen years old and is fit and healthy. He doesn't appear to have too many problems, except that he could be without a proper father from now on."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I was in the process of leaving my family unit permanently when you guys zapped me up here!" I replied. "Don't ask why. It's very complicated, and I'm not sure I know the answer anyway."

"This breeding process, in the form you *Homo sapiens* use, I



"Elder"

have studied as much as I can from our records, but there is still much I wish to know. I have been selected for a modified reproductive process when I return to my home planet. We as a people are running out of time to develop offspring which could survive on any other planet apart from our own without life-support systems. By this I mean we have not yet found another world that is compatible with our specific and rather unique needs. I may be able to elaborate on this point a little later. For now, it is enough to say we have few options, and may have to adjust to new environments such as planet Earth—which we still like to call our second home, even though we are far removed from being able to live there full time," Zeena finished, sounding rather distressed.

"Our planet is rather full already," I commented, not really wishing to add to her burden. In spite of what I had already witnessed and been party to, I was in no way prepared for her reply to my statement.

"Oh, we have already had communication with Earth governors on that subject; since the 1950s, in fact. They know of our desire and need. We have even made a trade, as you might call it. I cannot elaborate on it at this time. But not everyone has lived up to their agreements since then."

"Why does nobody know of this on Earth?" I asked, my eyes wide open.

"Your various governors, in their wisdom, decided that the Earth's general population was not then ready for the message and knowledge we had planned to give your people. If you think back to the subjects we have recently discussed, it is hardly surprising, is it? They feel you are still not ready, and we will not tell your people a half-truth to suit others. So we have this situation—what do you say?—a stalemate," Zeena concluded.

"What did the governors say when you said you would like to return to Earth at some time in the future?" I asked.

"All they wanted were the 'lollies'," she commented, without expanding on that subject.

"There are not that many of us," Zeena continued. Fifteen million is but a small total, is it not, among your billions? And our technology trade-off would make life so much easier for your population. If I dare be so brave as to say history could repeat itself, you may find we interbreed to become one race again, as happened so long ago in your past histories.

"At this point in time there are still some important things that we must physically do here on Earth: some repair work, as it were; a legacy from the past which I am not permitted to discuss at this time. We must correct that which is in a state of disrepair. Just by way of coincidence, that work is now almost completed. This is no small thing, for repairs have been going on for many of your years. Time is now short, for next will come the changes—your awakening."

She answered my question before I could ask it. There was not much I could do but sit in silent amazement.

"You must realise," she continued, as I couldn't think of any worthwhile thing to say, "that we are quite a primitive race compared to other extraterrestrials that may communicate with Earth people from time to time. That is one of the reasons we are so

attracted to Earth and to you as a race. We feel a real kindred or bonding for your people. We also think Earth is a most beautiful place."

"Where would you like to live on Earth if you had a choice?" I asked.

"We have an area that we call our own."

Zeena explained to me that they were already using an underwater base in the general area of this land that had been set aside for them, although she would go no further in describing where that might be. She was then called away, promising to return as soon as possible to continue our conversation.

SURVIVAL STRATEGIES

Upon her return from duty, Zeena was keen to continue her explanation of what they were doing and were about to do on the new breeding program, and why it had become such a priority to her people. In order for me to understand, or try to understand

fully, another lesson was apparently necessary, so she suggested once again that I make myself comfortable as it was likely to take some time.

"For you to understand the problems that we have, it is best that I tell you a little more about the world you live in. Some of this will be a little hard to understand, but some other aspects will ring a bell when you start to look at them in a different light," said Zeena, who was sitting opposite my sleeping cubicle.

I had just finished another small nap to make up for my forty-hour marathon without sleep.

Zeena continued. "You will remember some time ago I promised to tell you about the other side of yourself. This concerns the cycle of the atom, the part that is still little understood by your people, or, should I say, not yet fully understood by them. When this *is* understood, a whole new dimension, or dimensions, will open up for you; for in this instant of time between the pulses of atoms lies a world within worlds. They are in fact parallel dimensions to your own—at least to the one where most of you live your

'now'. These dimensions are so close to your real 'now' that you can slip in and out of them without even knowing you have done so! There are sometimes little clues that tell you what has just happened. This dimension-slipping has been going on since you first walked the Earth, only now it is becoming more common to your people. It can happen almost every day to some, but they are basically unaware of it. This is happening because you are awakening to your true selves.

"You are close to a major dimension-leap, the like of which you have never before experienced; a leap that will bring you closer to my people. This is what we have all been waiting for! How many times have you searched for something in a room and could not find it? You go back some time later and there it is, right in front of your nose; there is no way you could have missed it when you searched. You see, you are not always where you think you are. The trick is to be fully conscious when you make these mini-

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leaps and be aware of where you have gone. You will be very surprised, I think. It is a place not far from there that you will find us.

"We basically come from your future. It does not matter if it is six minutes into your future or six years; if you can get to one, you can get to the other. But, for us, it is not as simple as that, for we also come from another dimension; not quite the one you will shift into, but close. So we are what you would call dimensional time-travellers. Sounds like a good movie, does it not? Your Mr Spielberg would love it!"

I had to laugh at that one.

"We—myself and others like me—are in fact a whole new race, or, to be more accurate, a newly reconstituted race. Further modifications are still required before we can achieve our goals as a people. This is one of the reasons for our travel to your time zone, and, indeed, the reason for others being here who are also experimenting with their biological make-up, although they have far different goals behind their experimentation than we do.

"The reason behind so many abductions

occurring on your planet over the last few years of your time is that this is the last chance for our race—and other races of ETs with problems similar to ours—to interact with you as a race before you change to a form that will no longer be of use to us. Yes, it is that close! My own surrogate mother was of your time and race..."

"We could go further back in time, but it is *this now* that we need. I will not complicate matters by trying to explain that; we would be here for many more days. My race still has a problem to overcome. We must breed a race with stronger limbs and oxygen-processing units."

"Lungs?" I enquired again.

"Yes. We have been using a mixture of your species' DNA and chromosomes, along with our own. Our blood used to be very similar to yours—and still is, with a little modification—although we really only have one type as you would know it; well, two, but they are both very much like your A-negative. We can modify most things, but what it adds up to is that we are not going to go looking for problems—we already have enough of them.

"We have approximately only five per

cent of your male population to work with, notwithstanding health, age, etc. There is a very special, shall I say, 'X-factor' which must be brought into this equation, which in fact brings only about one per cent of this already small group into our calculations—that is, if we should require a male to help us. The fact that we are not of the same vibrational plane is the major problem. This is part of that X-factor, and is related to health and disease resistance, biological balance in relation to birth location, previous adaptability tests, and so on and so on.

"I cannot begin to explain the complications we have had. It has stretched our technology to its limits and beyond. The end result is what you see before you now. I may look good to you, but I still could not live on your planet without our technology to help me constantly. The bottom line is that the process has been too slow, and up to now has not done the job. At the present rate, it may take more time than we have to spare on our crippled planet! We now need to start taking some risks to speed up the process."

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"What kind of risks?" I asked.

"Well, up until now we have been more concerned with preserving our mind-generated energy distribution abilities—which I don't expect you to comprehend just yet—but now we need to concentrate on the physical aspects, the strength and endurance, even if we lose a little of the other abilities."

"Become more like us?" I chimed in again.

"Yes, we must," Zeena replied. "We already have, as you noticed earlier," she said, with what almost appeared to be a smile on her face. This was the first hint of an emotion I had seen.

"Now there needs to be a step—a big one—even further down that road. There is a chance for me to become part of that step," she added. "That is why I wish to ask you more questions about *your* breeding processes; procreation—would that be a better word for it?"

"You would be surprised at some of the words we use for it," I replied. "Even *I* don't know where some of them come from."

"I understand it is most primitive and basic in its natural form. It is possible that I may be able to be fertilised and to carry the foetus almost full-term within me. That may not sound much to you, but no female of our race has carried a child within her for many hundreds of thousands of years. The artificial methods we have been using are too slow and hard to change. They may even be impossible to use if we settle on a planet like your Earth.

"I have been designed to take the place of what you would call a synthetic birth process. There has been quite some progress just lately. Even a hundred years ago, your time, one of our type could not have interacted with your species on this level. That is how much we have evolved in different directions since the early colonists left your planet. Now we find it necessary to take a step in another direction."

I noted how she diplomatically skirted the suggestion that they might be going backwards on the evolutionary tree. I could not really understand what knowledge she could want from me, and I doubted there was anything I knew that she did not already know...

NEXUS MAGAZINE
is proud to publish

CoEvolution

— *An Interplanetary Adventure* —

by Alec Newald

Alec Newald went for a drive that should have taken about three hours.

He arrived 10 days later.

What happened during his 'absence' not only attracted the attention of the authorities, but has changed Alec's life forever.

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